

# FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



*Volume XX, Number 1, February 1969*

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*Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.*

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## EDITORIAL

And so another year has begun. For all of you—and you live around the world—it means the same thing at the same time that it means something different: in another hemisphere, summer and flowers, here winter and no flowers except those, like the narcissus bulbs blooming at our gray windows, that have been forced—and yet, no matter what the climate, a time for all of us to do some reckoning, some thinking, some measuring, involving many honesties, many feelings, many reavowals, many determinations, many rededications.

The year past has been difficult for everyone. To admit that is only part of the honesties, the measurings, the feelings. . . .

It really is the present, though, with which we ought to be coping most seriously now. The present, after all, is only yesterday's tomorrow and soon will be yesterday itself. . . .

And so we have the present to contend with. What will we do with it?

If it seems bleak, as sometimes it does, and the windows seem as if they will never again turn blue and sunny and clouded with nothing but white, look at the narcissus. (The blooms, so sweet to smell, have suggested this thought.) Hope, beauty, life perhaps may not be "forced" in the human soul as it is from these little bulbs which seem to have been wrapped in thin brown paper. But they exist there—hope, beauty, life do—as surely as these white flowers in the bulbs. We know it. And if we will only trust to our knowledge of this fact, they will eventually bloom also. Trust. Place yourself in the sunlight of your own confidence (call it faith—call it prayer): and it will happen, wherever you are. For it is the new year. All the beautiful things of life are about to sprout, root, grow, and blossom. Once again.

## THREE POEMS

*Winifred Clark Hall*

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Meditation on

"HIS PRESENCE"

I live for The  
 One Love, and  
 The One Love lives  
 For me, I live in  
 His Presence and  
 He sets me free,  
 Though weary and  
 Troubled at times  
 I may seem to be,  
 Still it is His  
 Love and Light,  
 His Everlasting Arms  
 Sustaining me,  
 Oh! Glorious Presence!  
 Without You I  
 Would never Be!

You are my  
 Birthright to Heaven,  
 My Password, my  
 Key, to the Bliss,  
 The Nirvana, the  
 Peace of Eternity,  
 I have passed from  
 Death unto Life,  
 And now I live  
 For Thee, and  
 Now I pray All  
 May awake and find  
 He Who died upon  
 The Tree, and know  
 New Life, the Joy  
 Of Soul, the Glory  
 Of Spiritual Liberty!

"SPEAK THE WORD"

Let your Word  
 Go forth today  
 Upon the Wings  
 Of Prayer, Let  
 It touch the  
 Heart of someone  
 To tell them  
 God is there,  
 Prayer knows no  
 Distance, Time or  
 Space, It is  
 The Instant Presence

By God's Holy  
 Grace, "He sent  
 His Word and  
 They were healed"  
 You too can do  
 The same, through  
 His Holy Name,  
 Send God's Love  
 Upon the Way,  
 It will touch  
 The need of some  
 One crying out  
 Today, and change,  
 Restore, and make  
 Them Whole again,  
 Live the Grandeur  
 Of His Love, and  
 In forgetting self,  
 You'll find a  
 Strength and Power  
 And Might, "That" is  
 God's living Love  
 And Light, Blessing  
 You both day  
 And in His night,

# "GOD'S LOVE SONG"

Come! abide with  
 Me in the Sanctuary  
 of My Heart, Come!  
 And rest apart,

Put your weary head  
 Upon my breast,  
 And in My Divine  
 Love, just rest,  
 Let My Spirit  
 Flow through Thee,  
 And wash away  
 All anxiety,  
 Trust My Love and  
 Wisdom to guide  
 Your Plans, know  
 That All you do  
 Is prompted by  
 My Love for you,  
 You cannot go  
 Astray, or lose  
 Your way, for I  
 Am with you  
 Night and day,  
 Do not be swayed  
 Or turned away  
 By what mortal man  
 Would do or say,  
 Remember the Sanctuary  
 Of my Heart, close  
 Your eyes and step  
 Right through the  
 Mist of doubt that  
 Troubles you, My  
 Love is waiting,  
 My Spirit strong  
 And true, for I  
 Am your Lord of Love,  
 The All of you.

## WHAT AM I?

*Catherine Cabeen Houck*

Am I the sum of all my yesterdays?  
 disappointments, achievements?  
 acceptances, rejections?  
 I must take an inventory of myself  
 and place a value on the stock I find.  
 But what if there's none?  
 Must I declare myself bankrupt?  
 Who will be the receiver?  
 Who my Certified Accountant?  
 Or will my conscience be  
 my sole magistrate?

I begin the task readily for I want to know where I stand, what I truly am. What is the warp and weft of my life? I threaded the loom with home and family, and deeply woven into the texture from which I have patterned my life has been the church. It has added not only strength to the fabric but color for the predominant theme.

Cataloguing carefully, I find some things that I wish might be amended. But also I find that nothing I have ever achieved was without a struggle. Even before today's mad rush to do more things, to go more places and to acquire more goods, there was no period of quiet complacency or easily accomplished ambitions. Anxiety usually preceeded each task, regret or torment followed some decisions.

I find that I made my own felicity by giving meaning to this

struggle and therefore meaning to life itself. If there are any assets to be found, I would list the opportunities I have used to draw into my homespun design those whom I have needed and those who have needed me.

A greater asset would be that I have loved the things I have done, not with love hedged in by suspicion or jealousy of what others were effecting but a love that saw and understood. I have been willing to look at my fellow worker, listen to him, study him, accept him. For this I needed a certain amount of affection and communion. I would not have looked so closely if I had intended to discard what I saw.

Finally, I would count as something to list on the credit side my belief that I have not reached my present state through some unknown fate or force but that I have had a part in making myself, to form my own character, to control my life.

This is the sum of my yesterdays,  
 this is what makes me what I am.  
 Through hope I have come through the past,  
 through faith I shall go into the future,  
 knowing that life has significance.  
 The important thing is what I am,  
 not what I have been,  
 not what I think I am,  
 not even what I think I should be—  
 just what I am.

## PEN, SWORD, AND PRAYER

"The pen is mightier than swords," we hear  
people earnestly say.

But others surmise it is a sheer  
hollow, hackneyed cliché:

Picture two Herculean, athletic gentlemen  
or matinee idols fencing with fountain pen.

A famed magician displays his magic float  
by thrusting ball-point pen down his throat.

kabuki dancers portraying Mars-masked lords  
sway inky pens in place of shimmering swords.

A Frenchman fighting duel, for mademoiselle  
or honor, with pen instead of blade or shell.

In war, in peace depend neither on pen  
nor sword, the oracles say.

Just use a razor-edged tongue, with ken,  
to praise, to pray and pray!

— *Aarno Davidson*

## THE WORD

You  
spoke light,  
expanding light  
scattering a million galaxies  
of prisms stars  
shattering  
night.

— *Emily Sargent Councilman*

## SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE TREES

Sunlight through the trees  
 Touches with its golden glow  
 All the little tufts of weeds,  
 All the flowers blooming low.

Sunlight through the trees  
 Is light coming from Above,  
 Touching our lives, blessing so  
 Those who recognize His Love.

—*Jean M. Burroughs*

## WAR OF WORDS

Let there be honesty between us  
 Let no lies be uttered for vanity  
 Words have wings and take flight  
 Falling like hail on unsuspecting  
 Heads

Words may wound the soul raw  
 As a prick of the sword pierces flesh  
 Make haste with thy gentleness  
 Bind up the wounds with words  
 Of love

—*Marion H. Freeman*

## MYSTERY OF LIFE

*Mark Halpern*

After thousands of years of science and metaphysics, Life still holds many mysteries for man. But the most intriguing of all mysteries is Life itself. So full of wonders is this Life of the Universe so rich in beauties and blessings of both a tangible and intangible nature, that man is inclined to take it for granted. In so doing, he may be depriving himself of a rich source of inspiration and enlightenment.

Although Life is in evidence everywhere about him, man need go no further than the world of his own being to learn to appreciate the wonder of its mystery. He need but ask himself the three eternal questions of the human soul, the Whence, Why and Whither of his individual existence; "Whence have I come, why am I here, and whither do I go when my life on earth is done?"

If such questions are too abstract, he can inquire into the mysterious functioning of his physical body. What causes the heart to beat throughout life, without any conscious effort or supervision on his part? Who or what directs, with such perfect chemical genius, the metabolism of his system? And, what is that power or intelligence that causes him to breathe, whether he is thinking of the process or has forgotten it entirely?

Perhaps the one certain truth we know about Life, is its continuity. No one can conceive of a time when Life was not, or when it will cease to be. Life cannot be limited, for Life is the very manifestation of the Essence of God. Far from being some-

thing cheap, as the cynic would have us believe, Life is Holy. Thus it is that the most enlightened amongst men always reverence Life in whatever form they behold it, pouring out their love and blessing to the indwelling focal point of divine energy. Their inner eye unveiled in full spiritual illumination, they behold Life as it truly is, in all the resplendent beauty reflected from its Holy Eternal Source. One of these illuminated Spiritual Giants who beheld Life in all its ineffable Beauty was Gautama, the Buddha, who expressed his rapture of that experience to his fellow man when he called out:

“Behold the Light, O my brothers! It is within you,  
it is all about you, it is everywhere, and it is so  
beautiful!”

And some six hundred years later, Jesus of Nazareth, the Light of the World, declared: “The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light.”

For Life is not darkness, as cynical pessimists and materialists would have us believe. The greatest mystics of ancient and modern times all attest to the fact that Life, when seen in all its chaste and pristine purity, is full and overflowing with radiant Beauty. It is only when man's perception is veiled with the materialistic viewpoint, wherein he fails to see the Oneness of all Life with the single eye of Spiritual illumination, that he

denies himself the inspiring sight of that Light of Life—"the light that never was on land or sea...."

But it is not given to every man to be a Buddha or a Jesus of Nazareth, to be constantly aware of the wondrous Beauty of Life-Essence. Yet it is possible to behold something of its glory by contemplating the mystery of Life shining from the eyes of a fellow human being, or from a bird or animal, or from the reflected beauty of some landscape or limpid blue lake. For whatever the form or quality manifested, it is the One Life-Essence within all created things which give them expression.

And so Life goes on, without beginning and without end. Slowly but surely it keeps rising in its repeated use of form to ever higher spirals of evolution. Thus it is, as it moves from spiral to spiral that it oft reveals a bit of its mystery to its ever curious human observer. Man begins to see that Life progresses through repeating itself from one cycle to another on a higher spiral of expression, ever moving upward. Well, indeed, has it been said that there is nothing new under the sun.

For Life never wastes its substance. Nothing through which Life has manifested, is ever lost. It may pass out of visible expression for the time being. But soon or late it appears again, fired by Life in a new embodiment. It is no wonder then that we often have a feeling of having lived at some time in places we have never visited, and of having seen, somewhere before, people we meet for the first time.

Never is the donor of Life's Great Mystery so deeply felt, as when man and woman, meeting for the first time in this Life, gaze into the eyes of each other, and become blissfully exalted in the instant recognition of their souls. In that holy moment, as

their souls commune and rejoice in their reunion, they know without doubt that they have met before in another day and another land.

'Tis then, in that one moment in which eternities seem to come and go, in which the two hearts beat as one and the two are fused in rapturous silence, that the undying Melody of Life can be heard. At such a time, the intimation is felt that the mystery of Life is melting in the revelation that God's Infinite Love, omnipresent throughout His Universe, is the one and only answer to every question of Life.

Could the illumination of that moment be retained, there would be full acceptance of Life and all that it brings to man. For when Life is seen in its timeless infinite reality, there comes the conviction that in itself Life is always beautiful with the benediction of Divine Love.

And in that wondrous healing awareness of the Eternal Fount of Divine Love within, one can then pray the Prayer Divine:

"Give me to love...give me Souls who need my love...  
For I and all Souls are One in Love...  
through me Love flows to heal and bless all  
who need my aid....

\* \* \* \*

"We no longer pay much attention to the institution to which anyone belongs. We judge him rather on his personal merits; what he thinks and what he is worth. That is the present tendency and it is a right one."

## MY SHADOW

*Berneice A. McCombs*

*I have a little shadow that goes  
in and out with me.*

*And what can be the use of him  
is more than I can see.*

*He is very, very like me from the  
heels up to my head.*

*And I see him jump before me,  
when I jump into my bed.*

— Robert Louis Stevenson

The cool green grass felt like velvet between your bare toes as you played shadow tag with the neighborhood gang. The one that was "it" had to chase the other's shadow until he or she stepped on it. In the end you were the one to do the chasing. A childhood game but it was a lot of fun in the summer evenings.

Have you really ever noticed your shadow? As children, one could tumble and turn watching each funny motion your shadow played. This could be done on the green grass also. This game only required one member to perform. The only equipment necessary was the smell of the sweet earth and God's bright sun.

Yes, as an adult you have a shadow but have forgotten about him. The sun seems to control the movements of your phantom. Light from the brightness of the sun shines on you and can cast your shadow tall or small. It

tells the story if you are looking down or up towards the light. The movements of your shadow shows either happiness or sadness. It was once said that life is one trial after another. Now, if your shadow is tall, looking to the sun, and expressing gladness the trials of life will weave a pattern to God's love.

We find there are shadows that we do not see. The doubts and fears of our minds are but shadows. These are invisible and do not require the sunlight for their shapes and actions to make a showing. As a special individual, many times others know nothing of the shadows of your mind. It seems to be against the rules to let them appear before others. In the quietness of a room, you are entitled to share the fears and doubts of your mind with God. This is one way to clear the invisible shadow and make the sun shine within your thinking world. God is goodness and can help with trouble. Let us pray and think of God's goodness to weave another pattern to His love.



The question of life and death is very mystifying. These are two different worlds. It seems that life is the shadow which we must experience before our journey ends. Life is full of people searching and reaching for a reason. We must live this life before entering the next higher plane. Each heart is lonely and wants a purpose. Perhaps our purpose isn't understandable until we enter the next higher mansion. Remember, Christ has gone to prepare a place for us.

Now, let us use our imaginations and pretend that death is but a door leading to the bright light of God's world. God is love and pure goodness. His light is the absolute color of white. The brightness of His light stuns the human mind. You nearly pass from the shadow of life into a beautiful white light. Death is the door that holds the lock and key. We each must pass that way before finding the true light of God. What is beyond this door is left to each one's imagination. Only God holds the answer.

## YOUR PERSONAL SECURITY

### Part II

*O. Aldrich Wakeford*

You draw upon your inner wealth through three channels, each one connected with the other and each one necessary to a successful outcome. The first two come out of the heart of silence, and the third is often more forceful when it is accompanied by silence. These three channels are: inspiration (inner guidance); aspiration (setting a goal); and application (work).

Inspiration is not a gift for a chosen few. God has no favorites. Harry Emerson Fosdick says, "Man has an inborn capacity to be inspired. As a ship in a lock is lifted, not by what the ship does but by what it receives—the inpouring of water from above—so our spirits can be raised by an influx from beyond ourselves, until upon a higher level they sail out again." You have this capacity to be inspired as well as anyone, but you must open yourself to it. Set aside time for quietness, time to listen to the heartbeat of the universe. God is already within you and around you, but you have to become aware of His presence before you can feel His guidance. Inspiration does not come to a cluttered, confused mind. Rather, it requires a quiet, poised mind that is open and receptive to the unseen but real forces of the universe.

If you have not experienced the feeling of inspiration, it may be that you are blocking its flow into your life. Three conditions are necessary to keep the channel to inspiration open: (1) a mind cleared of pettiness; (2) periods of silence each day; (3) a willingness to listen to the inner voice. Nothing will discourage the flow of inspiration faster than self-pity, resentment, or a belittling and critical attitude. How can inspiration get through all this debris?

It cannot. You have to clear the channel first.

I have mentioned the importance of silence before, but do so again, for I feel that it is very essential for drawing on the inner wealth of inspiration. Great men have always felt the need for creative silence and have made it an integral part of their lives. Jesus often went off by Himself, wishing to be alone. Gautama Buddha sat for years alone under the famous Bo tree—and came away enlightened with a philosophy that was to reach into future generations. Henry David Thoreau built himself a house in the woods, and later wrote an account of his life at Walden Pond. Anyone reading the account can see how greatly his life was enriched by the two-year interval. He himself says: "I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."

The majority of us, of course, cannot take off from our regular duties for long periods of time, but we can, I think, manage short periods each day in which we can practice silence. In this silence we can contact that which Boutroux, the French philosopher, called "the Beyond that is within, with which man comes in touch on the inner side of his nature."

In this silence it is important to listen. We are so used to talking and projecting our thoughts to others that it is sometimes difficult to still our thoughts at this time and listen to the whisperings of inspiration. Inspiration often comes only as whisper—faint, delicate, tiptoeing softly into our awareness. Unless our mind is quiet and listening, the whisper may go unheard and unnoticed.

An acquaintance frequently remarks admiringly about the creative abilities of others. She feels that they must be much smarter than she, because they come forth with good ideas, whereas she

claims she has none. I maintain that she is fully as intelligent as the others she speaks about. However, she sells herself short by not allowing time for awareness of creative ideas. The universe is filled with creative ideas, but like many persons she does not open her mind to them. Her life is filled with constant confusion. She is always on the move, without any particular goal in mind. Her time is so filled and her energy so consumed with the superficialities that when she retires at night she is exhausted in mind and body. There are no silent periods in her day when she can "catch" the whispers of inspiration. She gives herself no opportunity to become aware of creative ideas.

Inspiration is logically followed by aspiration. After receiving inspiration, you should ask yourself: "How can I best use this gift of inspiration to benefit myself and others? How can I put it into service?" Your inspiration may have come in the form of a new idea, guidance, or enlightenment. You now have the germ, the seed. It is yours to develop—and only you can develop it and bring it to fruition. You need to set goals and to make plans to bring it from the unseen into the seen, from the intangible into the tangible. No man lives to himself alone. The person who receives inspiration but does nothing with it does himself, others, and even the universe an injustice. Unused, unattended, the seed of inspiration is bound to wither and die. God does not give inspiration as an end product, to be tucked away within oneself. It is to be acted upon, to be used, to be passed on to others.

How great the loss to the world if Mozart, for instance, had kept his inspiration to himself! In a letter to a friend he wrote: "When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, travelling in a carriage or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not; nor can I force them. Those ideas that

please me I retain in memory..." These ideas he later wrote down as musical compositions, thus bringing his inspiration out of the invisible realm into the visible where not only he but others as well could enjoy it.

What if other composers, writers, scientists, and inventors had kept their ideas to themselves? Would they not have been poorer individuals and the world a poorer place? Inspiration is not to be used as a dead-end daydream, but as a dynamic force. Once you have received your inspiration, aspire to bring it forth into outer manifestation. Set your goals. Visualize; plan.

Inspiration and aspiration must precede application. It is this final channel of action that is necessary to bring the other two into fulfilment. A person can be inspired; he can dream and plan how to develop his idea. But unless he has the courage and the faith to venture out into the channel of action his inspiration and aspiration will have been in vain. God does not tell us that we have to do anything with the ideas that come into our mind. We are given free choice in every area of our life, including the handling of inspiring ideas. But how many ideas in just the past year have died for lack of action, ideas that would have added something worthwhile to life? How many times have you been inspired to do something, but "let it go?" How often have you made plans to develop a certain idea, but then became so busy with other things that the idea got pushed into the back of your life, or perhaps was allowed to fade completely?

The channel of action is often a difficult one to open and keep open. It is frequently blocked by laziness, indifference, lack of confidence, or shallow business. You can keep the channel open; you can strengthen it with confidence and persistence—if only you will call on your inner forces to come to your aid, to give you the guidance and the staying power that you need.

Francis Parkman, the noted American historian, had tremendous staying power. Nearly blind and often in physical pain, Parkman was able to write for only short periods at a time, frequently not more than five minutes. But he used those minutes to their utmost, and completed over a dozen volumes of history.

Man must go beyond his human self to find the power that inspires and enables him to climb to great heights. This power is not found in the material realm. It is found within. When you identify yourself with this power, when you become aware of its presence within you, you open yourself a whole new life. It is like cutting a window in the wall of a dark room. The room is transformed by the light that pours into it. Also, new vistas can be seen from inside the room—wide, wonderful vistas that take the occupant's mind out of the small room and offer it a view of what lies beyond.

The power within yourself gives you greater wisdom, more courage, and the desire for lasting achievement. It transforms your attitude of "I can't" to "I can." It changes inadequacy into confidence and ability.

The wealth within you is your gift from the universe. You are truly rich. Your account, with your many potential talents, your creativity, your love-ability, your sense of beauty, your deep appreciation of all life, your zeal, is waiting in your inner store to be drawn on. Unlike a bank or a financial account, it can never be depleted. The more you draw on it, the richer you will become, and the larger your balance will become at the same time.

Through realizing the great amount of wealth that you have within yourself, you will never again feel afraid of the future. You will know that within you are the wonderful forces to meet successfully whatever you encounter. Security will not be a far-off promise that is tied up with political or economical affairs or with material

possessions. Your feeling of security grows as you become aware of the God-power within yourself. You need not travel anywhere to attain it. In fact, you do not need to move from the chair in which you are sitting at this moment. Just let go outer problems and tensions and look within. Take hold on the essence that you feel there. Let it saturate your being. Let it lift you up. Bring it with you into every experience of your life. Sustained by this God-presence you will go forth in confidence, loving and loved, giving your best and receiving the best in return. Open up your inner account today, now, and use it generously in every department of your life.

— from MIRA

## EXCERPTS FROM "PRAYER PERCEPTIONS"

*By Genevieve Burnell Robinson*

No word of truth is ever ineffectual and no prayer ever goes unheard. This rule provides the measure upon which we stand.

Prayers do not always follow the pattern our minds have set for them, nor is the effectuality of God's word in our affairs restricted to our own ideas. But the answer and the effectuality proceed to us with unfailing precision.

We must have confidence, if not in understanding, at least in faith.

The miracle of spiritual guidance and protection is eternally pres-

ent to prayers. As the central point is equally present to every point of every circle drawn around it, so the mind of God is equally present at all times and to the length and breadth of all things in all times.

The whole action of Divine Providence is not open to one view. There is much present to view and much left to faith. But the links of this golden chain are never lost to the heart that communes with God in prayer.

The miracle of Truth is always present. What we need is to be aware of it in the human dimensions. Human life is certainly not a closed system. At any and every point the supernatural can take hold and effect a transubstantiation.

The activity of Love is the Divine Presence expressed in the finite. This love cares for all the conditions necessary for mental and physical harmony. It blesses and illumines all who turn to it.

If we can but keep our praying heart on and our working mind off those many affairs that loom on the horizon of daily life, the power of God will reveal wisdom and goodness congruous to our needs.

How wonderful to remember that God is not fenced in by His creation, but reveals His limitless power in most simple and ordinary ways. Our greatest miracle is from within when we come awake to these marvels of omnipotence as they flash through the universe.

The prayers of vision are directed toward the spiritual recognition of the coalescence between the natural and the Divine—the true Supernatural.

## THREE HAIKU

*Antoinette Daria**CLOUDS DISPERSE*

A rainbow means "Hope".  
The sun filters through the clouds  
Which had shaded it.

*TREASURED NET*

The spider has spun  
A web of colors and dew  
From the dawn of hope.

*A NEW IDENTITY*

The scientists say  
Each snowflake has different shapes.  
Like every person.

## THREE POEMS

*By Louis G. Ragg**BLIND BARTIMAEUS*

While Jesus, in that great-so-long-ago,  
 Was on the road that winds from Jericho;  
 Above the hue of hundreds passing by,  
 He heard this lone and faint despairing cry:  
 "I am a Beggar Man! I cannot see!  
 Thou Son of David, Jesus, pity me!"

Then Jesus standing to the people said,  
 "Make room for him." And being by others led,  
 A Man in Darkness met the Lord of Light;  
 And Bartimaeus had his precious sight.

## MOSES

"See where thy people march to Jericho  
 While from Pisgah, I look upon the land.  
 It flows with milk and honey, our Canaan.  
 It does look good. It is as we were told.

"My work is done. This life-consuming deed  
 Has claimed the last abilities I had;  
 High on this mountain, see an empty man,  
 Moses, thy servant, full of years and lonely.

"Here is the finish of a golden time.  
 And through it all, you have been good to me.  
 And are so even now, for I believe  
 You caused me to toil up this mountainside  
 For reasons two, for punishment and pity—  
 And both are here well met if I may die."

## JOSEPH OF ARAMATHAEA ASKS PILATE FOR THE BODY OF JESUS

"Your Excellency, I must a mercy ask  
 Concerning one, an unhappy friend of mine,  
 Who on Golgotha was lately crucified,  
 And may not be released but by your hand.

"If he offended any, it was not Rome;  
 He had respect for Caesar as a king;  
 And voiced that same respect to friends of his,  
 And was sincere: I was a friend and know.

"The right to bury him is all I want:  
 The nails removed, a time for whispered prayer,  
 Then to a tomb that's very close at hand;  
 No curious crowd; not even a street to cross;  
 An innocent labor, you have my word for that;  
 But give me your consent, and I'll be gone."

## “EXPECT A MIRACLE”

*Zelma S. Dennis*

A gift which I recently received has made many changes in my daily living. It is unusual in many respects. First of all, it is not a fancy or costly article and does not have any physical use; still it has made a profound change in my spiritual outlook. The donor is a shining example of the truth contained in this gift. The gift itself is a small, narrow, long piece of white cardboard on which is printed, in gold, the phrase “Expect A Miracle.”

I have it placed upon my desk. It is almost the first thing which I see each morning. The

young woman who gave it to me has endured tremendous physical agonies in her short life here on earth. Physical handicaps beyond belief she lives with constantly. Yet she has a miraculous outlook on life. It is true that she is not alone in her fight for survival. She has her faith in God and the sustaining love, comfort and companionship of her mother, who constantly tends to her physical needs and nourishes her spiritual life. These two uncomplaining women “expect a miracle” each day of their lives. And they receive it in “life itself.”

I had the privilege of visit-

ing with them one afternoon. I shall never forget in my life that inspiring experience. Love and courage flooded the room like sunlight. Their joy in our friendship went beyond the reticent nature of their personalities. The simple and yet meaningful things of life, good literature, beautiful music, nature in its entirety; was reflected in their conversation and their thoughts and their way of life. They never dwelt upon their problems which constantly confronted them. Instead, they always kept the subject lifted upward; seeking a greater and more meaningful purpose to life itself. Their concern for the problems of the world and their

fellowman went beyond the situation in which they were so deeply involved.

Now each day I read lovingly the words which they gave to me. I look to each new day and find a miracle. The miracle of God-given life. New opportunities to share beauty with my loved ones and friends. To give service to those who are in need of my physical help. To use my talents of poetry and music to bring spiritual nourishment to other souls. I see again the evidence of God all about me each day, as I, too, "expect a miracle."

## ART IS ETERNAL

*Martha Fowler Reichle*

O, why my ears? Beethoven cried in fear  
    When first his hearing started failing him.  
    Why not my legs, or let my eyes grow dim;  
This music is Your gift, God, I must hear!  
Great music fills my soul with fires that sear  
    And I am weak in spirit and in limb;  
    For death I yearn! My cup full to the brim  
Holds shattered dreams of all I thought so dear!

Still does the music fill my silent ear;  
    My body fails; yet spirit dominates,  
That which I hear, the world should also hear!  
    When I can't hear, my spirit still creates.  
Though deaf my ears, there never comes a lull  
Within my soul, for art is eternal!

## FOR PARIS

Orchards will yield their perennial fruits  
Where—now—book, robe and cross are hurled to flame

Phoenix will nest where pirates trammel earth  
And ashes of Paris will seed the spoils;

Like-Presence persists in rivers-of-roots  
In ores and diamonds and down-under oils

Consider, too, the dying warblers; song  
Forever festival and new, as when

In spite of stilled tongue and silenced voice,  
Old words play tag on lips of younger men.

Beauty is not banished from life for long  
Heaven is never wholly blocked from sight

Beyond mounds of darkness the titan sun  
Shall separate day from the hulking night

And man's dense hades heath shall be dispersed  
By rays from this flower of Ultimate Light

While haters' hatings shall be diminished  
Diminishing their own Gethsemane:

God is alive and time is unfinished  
With all of the right answers yet to be.

— *Carla Patsuris*

## REJOICE

We are  
To the scholars  
Yet to be born  
“Prior Generation.” We  
Are legendary “kind and kin”  
Magnificent  
With life  
To be

Oh loom of life’s  
Warp and woof,  
Oh mythical years  
Of many or more...  
Day-long, night-long  
Treasured possession  
Of time-for-living  
That lies before.

— *Carla Patsuris*

## HATE AND WAR

Brunt on brunt,  
By deed  
And word  
You have created me.

Through your lugubrious sport  
Of violent whittle and cut  
I came alive

Ready to slash  
As I have been slashed;

When flecks fly forth from scars  
It will be less than you have scattered  
In times gone by...

Run, run and cower  
From your masterpiece

Or fuse me back with fires of love  
For fresh recasting  
Now!

— *Carla Patsuris*

## WE LEARNED TO LISTEN

*Leslie E. Dunkin*

We were not satisfied with merely "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" and even the "Lord's Prayer" for our children. We wanted prayer to mean more to them than the rapid repetition of childlike words or unfamiliar adult statements.

Too, prayer for them should mean more than asking God for this or that, as their active minds or urgent needs might demand. We explained that God knows our thoughts even before we express them in words or demands.

"Prayer is like a telephone

conversation with God," we explained to our four children. "Now, if you were to have a telephone conversation with the President of the United States, would you be eager to tell him many things or would you prefer to hear what he might have to say to you?"

"Sure!" spoke up our oldest child. "We'd listen closely to what the President might have to say to us, but does God talk to us that way? How can prayer be a listening conversation with God?"

We explained that God is speaking continually to us in many different ways. It is for us to listen to what God is saying to us and to recognize it as God's words for us personally.

An easy beginning is to remember that the Holy Bible is God talking to us. The Bible's content is more than merely sacred literature. It is God's conversation to us. When a verse or passage in the Bible is read, we shall do well to ask ourselves: what is God saying to us in these words?

We explained to our children that prayer and Bible reading should produce meditation for them. This is more than to seek to know what those particular words mean. A personal challenge comes from God's talking to us—How can we make this conversation or this Bible passage live in our daily lives? Sincere meditative thought and equally sincere use of what seems to be God's voice speaking to us, will help to determine for sure whether or not we are listening to God's conversation, or misunderstood words, or the selfish personal thoughts of somebody else.

There are many ways to listen to God's conversation. We told our children of an earlier experience we had had. A group of people were standing on a small hill-ridge and were looking out over the Pacific Ocean. The sun dropped slowly, it seemed, and melted into the red water of the ocean. Without a word being expressed at the moment, all the men and boys reverently removed their hats and caps. Everybody bowed

their heads—in God's presence.

“Isn't God a marvelous artist!”

We reminded our children that when we see a beautiful scene, God is speaking to us to help to make the world and all life a thing of beauty for everybody.

“What about an ugly repulsive scene?”

“God is speaking to us through that also,” we replied. “He is warning us not to repeat that in our lives and at the same time challenging us to try to transform this ugliness into God's marvelous beauty for all.”

We added that when we see some kind deed of helpfulness being done, we are listening to God's voice in action, asking and encouraging us to do to others as we have seen it being done. When we follow God's voice from what we see in others, we ourselves become an expression of God's voice to

more people who will listen by observing.

“Can God talk through our actions?”

We told them of that person who declared, “What you are (or are doing) thunders so loud I can’t hear what you are trying to say.”

We urged our listeners to be alert to listen to God speaking to us from experiences with or seen in others.

“Is that God singing to us

now?” asked our youngest sincerely, as the clear sweet notes of a bird singing reached our ears.

“Yes,” we answered. “That is God singing to us through the throat of His bird up in that tree. Isn’t He a marvelous Singer to bring us such sweet music?”

We have a continual opportunity to listen to what is being said to us through what is being done and said throughout the world.

\* \* \* \*

“God drives the natural and the supernatural world in double-harness, for He made them for one another. The actual, natural world is brought, by a combination of circumstances beyond the power of man, to a point at which it profoundly needs personality, diversity, original and contrasting characters. Grace, entering by the open channels of Nature, follows the same course, diversifying itself more and more that it may meet and sanctify the need.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I have a number of suggestions to make that you may or may not find of value.

1. Encourage the formation of prayer-groups. Many people today are suffering, but they do not have recourse to prayer. In the life of every man there are periods when he should be down on his knees. People in trouble need prayer and should be taught how to pray.

2. Evolve a concrete program of help through prayer. If a person is dying, for example, how should we pray for him?

3. Open your columns to those who have had prayers answered. Let their gratitude find expression.

4. Institute a program of praying for America and for the world. Let those who pray accept responsibility for the sins of this society, and let them pray for repentance and light. Let us pray that those who resort to

lawlessness come to their senses, and that those whose eyes are darkened by material things become aware of the treasure of the spirit.

5. Devote each issue to a central problem that faces this generation. Publish prayers for its solution.

I submit these suggestions for what they are worth.

— Francis Merchant

### ANY ANSWERS?

*The letter above, wholly unsolicited, from Dr. Merchant has opened up a topic long on the minds of those most closely involved with Fellowship in Prayer—how to bring the fellowship together more closely. The Editor is extremely interested in hearing more—and other—suggestions.*

## NOTICES and COMMENTS

*TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY FOR FIP.* Observant readers will have noticed—on the front cover, to begin with—that this issue is Number 1 of Volume XX. It is the beginning of our twentieth year. We are counting on all our friends to make not only a birthday-celebration of this but also (and even more) a genuine turning-point—a real coming-of-age.

*NEW SOUTHERN ZONE ADVISORS.* Fellowship in Prayer is proud to announce the gracious acceptance of our invitations to become advisors in the Southern Zone by Mrs. Mildred Seydell, of Georgia, and Betty Miller Daly, of North Carolina.

Mrs. Seydell, a good friend to FIP for many years, is a writer, lecturer, traveler. She was born in Atlanta, educated at Washington Seminary there, at The Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens, Georgia, and at the Sorbonne. She is married and has two sons. She began as a columnist, working for the Hearst Crime Commission; and has since traveled the world in many capacities—to Sweden, for instance, to make a special study of liquor regulations there—to Africa to study the history of diamonds and gold on that continent—to Palestine to investigate Jewish activity—to the South Seas—and many, many times to Europe. She is president of the Mildred Seydell Publishing Company, a member of numerous clubs, author of several books, the most recent of which, *Come Along To Belgium*, is going to be published by Denison Publishers.

Betty Miller Daly (Mrs. Roswald B. Daly) was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, of Moravian heritage. She was trained as a

technician in pathology at Bowman Gray School of Medicine, has worked in clinical and research laboratories at Yale University, American Oncologic, Philadelphia General, and Rex Hospitals. Married to a physician, she has four children. She is active in Community life in Broadway, North Carolina, in addition to doing a great deal of writing—poetry and short stories for which she has received numerous awards. A book of her poems, *As A Woman Thinketh*, is now in its forth printing. Along with Coleridge, she believes that “He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small.”

**LIBRARY ADDITIONS.** We are grateful for the following books contributed to our ever-growing library. The first two were gifts from Mr. Frank A. Mastropaolo, those following from their publishers as listed:

DISCOVER THE POWER WITHIN YOU by Eric Butterworth  
(Harper & Row)

YOUR MIND CAN HEAL YOU by Frederick W. Bailes  
(Dodd Mead & Company)

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE by  
William Law (Westminster Press)

PRAYER IN THE SECULAR CITY by Douglas Rhymes  
(Westminster Press)

CHRIST'S STATURE & Other Poems by Rev. Luther A.  
Bodie (Exposition Press)

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## BROTHERHOOD

What pain  
I never bore you  
You are no sib  
But oh so glib  
Your promises

How could you  
Crash my world  
And leave me  
Take my anger  
Take my hate

I scorn it  
But keep my love  
That never dies  
Though you are  
gone and I

Must struggle on  
Alone yet not alone  
Another brother came  
My way and played  
Your part

Pray cast out  
Your hate wait  
not for dawn forgive  
My brother Lord  
He wins

Here is the dove  
Here is my love  
The spark is lit  
Again we are not dead  
We live as brothers yet.

“For a world united in prayer”

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